THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV APRIL, 1927 No. 4

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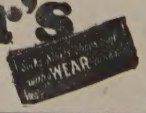

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Echoes of Spring

By Mrs. J. M. Green

Did you ever lay your ear
Upon the baby grass,
And hear the fairy footsteps
Rustling as they pass?

And have you heard the zephyrs
Whispering to the trees
Of opening bud and flowers
And birds and honey bees?

And have you seen the robin
Under Springtime's mystic spell
Mate and seek a cozy corner
Where his family may dwell?

And caught the merry twinkle
On lazy, leafy trees,
As the leaves are tossed and tumbled
By every passing breeze?

Have you heard the brooklet ripple
As it answers to the call
Of, "Come and have a frolic
Down the merry waterfall"?

Ah, yes we've known them all, one day,
Though be it long ago.
And every Spring we live again
The things we used to know.

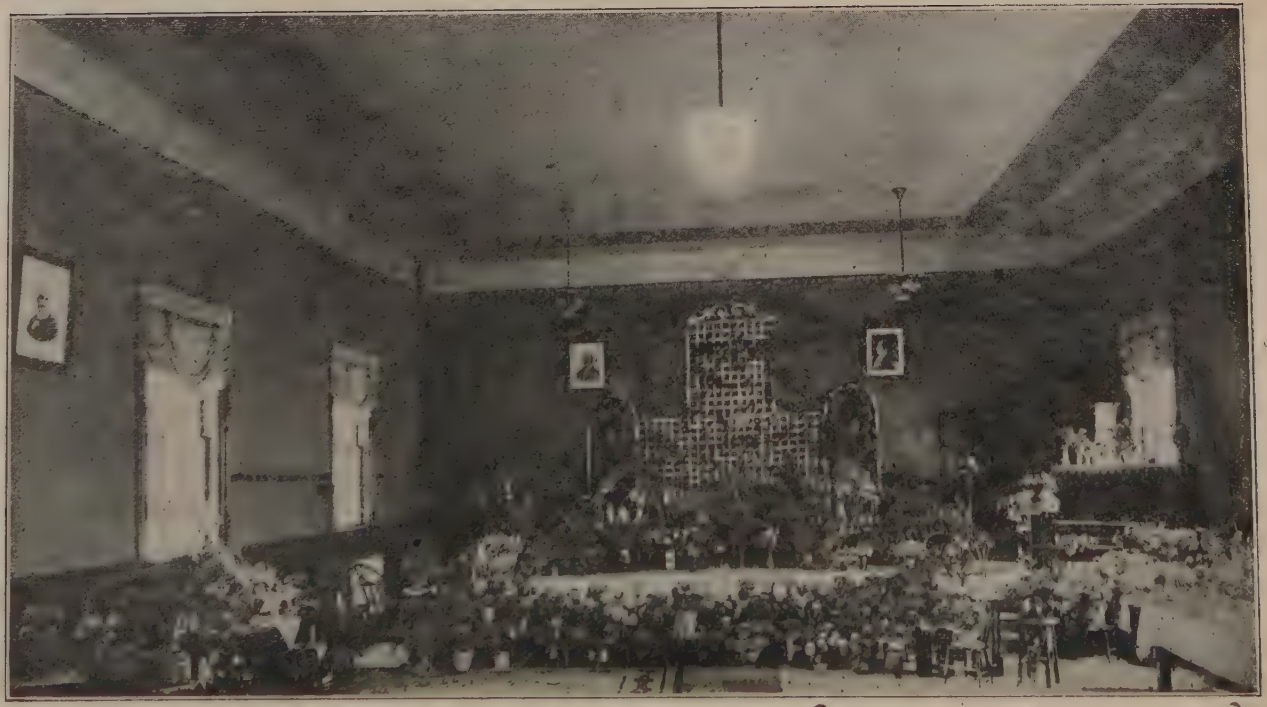
LOGAN STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY FLOWER SHOW

Spring Days

(Dedicated to Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells)

By Nina W. Kerrick

Dear Spring days, how sweet, how fair
Twittering birds sing everywhere,
And, sunbeams kiss the fragrant air
Neath skies of blue;
The mountains in their grandeur stand
And smile upon the sloping land
And make me wish for you;
That we might wander far away
And ramble on this bright Spring day
Where lovely nature holds her sway
And there forget
The care and toil that morn will bring,
And drink the pleasures of sweet Spring
Before they vanish on the wing
Of sad Regret.



LOGAN STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY FLOWER SHOW

THE
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XIV APRIL, 1927 No. 4

Place of the Individual

In City Beautificatoin, or Beautiful Were Her Gates

By Phelina Fletcher Homer, Ph.D

Civic improvement begins with the individual. Someone in the community must become enthusiastic with the desire to make his town a better place in which to live, and must communicate that enthusiasm to others before there can be any real progress made towards bettering the conditions in that particular community. Personal leadership is the starting point of all civic improvement.

It may be your enthusiasm, your leadership, your secretly cherished plan that the community is waiting for. You may be the one through whom will come the awakening of the intelligent interest in the community and its needs which is necessary to all plans for community improvement. Another name for this intelligent interest is civic consciousness.

Man or woman, young or old, rich or poor, one cannot be a good citizen without this sense of individual responsibility towards the conditions in the community in which one lives, and a definite desire to help in a concrete way to make one's own town a better place.

It is not enough to delegate one's interest to the city officials or the towns civic organizations or to a committee. No public work worth while can be accomplished unless it has behind it the momentum of the individuals of the community. Delegated interest is barren of results without the cooperation of the constituency.

In any campaign for city beautification the individual is responsible:

First, For the appearance and improvement of his own property.

Second, for helping to create a healthy public interest in the needs of the town.

Third, for his or her support of civic improvement projects.

Each city, town or rural community has its own problems. Some need better public buildings. In others, the building of sidewalks and the improvement of side streets is the crying need. It is an excellent plan for the local organization interested to make a list of the improvements most needed. A definite, organized plan should be adopted and the greatest publicity given. People are interested in the things which they know and understand.

Projects, such as a swimming pool and a new playground to be opened, should be decided upon and the energies of all devoted to accomplish these definite things. The next year something else, talked over until it is thoroughly understood, should be worked upon until it is completed. Civic improvement differs from reform in that the movement is continuous and should extend over a period of years.

Whatever the planning, it should be suited to the community. It should be approved by enough representative citizens to insure its success, or it should be of such a nature that enthusiasm concerning it can be caused by a systematic campaign and publicity, either planned or in process of completion.

Outside of the public buildings and properties, and the municipal parks, playgrounds and streets, a city or town is nothing but a collection of private properties, the beautification of which rests entirely upon the property owner. The street, the district, the city or town is exactly what a majority of its residents choose to make it.

The first step in city beautification is to make that part of the city for which you are directly responsible beautiful. The home need not be costly, nor the grounds pretentious, in order to be beautiful.

One of the neatest and most attractive back yards was only the kitchen garden of a German boarding house in Lindenhurst, Long Island, but the neatly painted out-buildings, the gravel-covered walks, the perfectly planned garden, laid out in symmetrical plots, many of them edged with a tiny row of some small ornamental plant, made a charming picture which has remained in the memory as a thing of beauty, though thirty years went by.

A most interesting back yard was a plot of ground down in the western part of the city, as wide as the tiny house and but little longer, the garden of a Hungarian emigrant. Every possible inch of space had been utilized for the growing of vegetables but the neatness of the arrangement, the walks marked by narrow boards and edged with low growing flow-

ers, the symmetrical beds of vegetables, were far more attractive than the majority of the back yards of a city, and it was all the work of one woman.

One other case. Not long ago a community offered prizes for various phases of city beautification. Among others there was a prize for the best kept, most attractive home grounds. The prize was given to a small plot surrounding a small frame house. The whole property was probably not worth over $1,000 yet, so perfect and harmonious was the arrangement of lawn, flower beds, shrubbery and vegetable garden that the committee unanimously awarded the first prize to this humble home.

The first responsibility of the individual, then, is to make the most of his own property, whether it be his own home or business place or a rented one.

It is quite as important to keep up the parking in front of a rented store as to keep your own lawn in good condition. Often an otherwise handsome street is spoiled by the two or three business places which fail to keep the lawn or parking in good order.

Some of the things which one can do with a very little expenditure of money is to see that your own lot has a good lawn, appropriately placed flower beds and, if possible, a small vegetable garden. Shrubbery should hide the foundation walls of the house and any walks or much used portions of the yard which are not in lawn or cement should be gravelled.

Mud around the house and in the yard during the rainy portion of the year is one of the worst problems which confronts the housewife and which detracts immeasurably from the attractiveness of the community.

The same thing is true of back yards allowed to grow up to weeds, half hiding broken fences and tumble down outbuildings. There is nothing quite so desolate as such a place in winter on the wet, dreary days when we need all the beauty there is in orderliness to keep our spirits up until the flowers bloom and the green comes again to cover ugliness with its soft, green mantle.

There are several well organized national movements for city beautification in which the individual may participate. Among the best known of these are the spring Clean-Up and Paint-Up campaigns which are now observed in almost every town in the United States, National Garden week, sponsored by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and Arbor Day which in many places is observed as a city beautification day as well as a tree planting day.

The Better Homes movement includes the beautification of the home grounds, in its campaign for better living conditions.

The Playground and Recreational Association of America has been carrying on a nation-wide campaign of education and publicity to encourage the establishment of playgrounds and recreational centers for both children and adults.

The Harmon foundation, established by William E. Harmon of New York City, to provide playgrounds for the children of the crowded tenement districts, has interested itself in the playgrounds of the nation and is working with the Recreational Association in awakening the interest of public spirited citizens to the need of such centers in their own town. In 1924, over five thousand outdoor playgrounds had been established in the United States and many others were being planned.

One can usually find an outlet for his or her civic energies through organizations which already exist in the community. Clubs sponsor particular objects for the beautification of the city or its environs. Most village improvements, not municipal in their character, have been brought about in this manner.

Such a place as Rotary Park in City Creek Canyon, Salt Lake City, is beautiful. The Rotarians secured a spot famed for its natural scenery in one of the canyons controlled by the city. Here, year after year, they added conveniences for those who wished to spend the day in the open, stone fireplaces, tables and benches, natural fountains, and cleared away rubbish and underbrush to provide parking places for automobiles along the road. Each year something new is accomplished and eventually the whole canyon, for a stretch of about eight miles, with the cooperation of the city will be made into a natural park.

Such charming spots occur near many towns: and, as the ground is unfitted for agricultural purposes, it can be acquired at a nominal cost and fitted up as a recreation ground for the community.

First, the rubbish should be cleared away, suitable places provided for the disposal of garbage, and adequate sanitary accommodations provided. Benches, tables, and other conveniences may then be added, and in a few years the people will have a wonderful place for outings.

There is a special type of improvement society whose usefulness, while limited as to location, often accomplishes much more than the larger organization. This is the Neighborhood improvement society. While many of these organizations exist for the purpose of carrying out some special project, or securing some improvement which is to be financed by public funds, such as a bridge, the parking or paving of a street, the establishment of a park or a playground in their neighborhood, and go out of active service as soon as their

object is accomplished, there is much to be gained by having such an informal organization in every district which has similar needs and ideals.

These may unite for the purpose of securing uniform planting of trees along certain streets, to protect trees already planted from disfigurement, mutilation and unwise removal.

On an unpaved street in a small town, they may keep the road in good condition by dragging it after every rain, and if it is in bad condition during wet weather, they may unite in gravelling it if there are not public funds available.

A street, block or district which is united into such a Neighborhood improvement society soon leads the town in civic pride and becomes noted for its well kept streets, lawns, parkings and back yards.

Like great bungalow apartment houses, our towns and cities are house living communities. Like them there is the great courtyard—our larger parks—the common exits and entrances, the sections of residential purposes, and the uglier but no less necessary utilitarian parts which contain the storerooms, the heating plant and the garage.

Like the great apartment house that it is, the approach to it should be beautiful and dignified. Beautiful are her gates! How many of our American poets could sing this of the city of their birth?

The main approaches of the town should be an index to the character of the town, especially the streets carrying the electric lines and the automobile traffic.

Our western towns especially, which are in the process of growth and which are spending thousands of dollars in advertising the community, can put out no better advertisement than an attractive street leading into the town. The road in, the main road out, and a few of the crowded business streets are often all the tourist sees of a town, and we should make sure that in this glimpse he carries away with him the impression which we want him to have.

Too often the main approach to a town leads not through the front door but through the back yard and departs the same way, and the back yard is too often neither beautiful nor in order.

This matter of the approach to our community dwelling house concerns the owners; that is, every soul in the community. Civic pride should be strong enough to insure that the front door is in harmony with the rest of the structure.

Of what avail is a magnificent town hall, an expensive federal building, if you approach them over an ill-paved, dreary stretch of road flanked on either side with dilapidated fences upon which old tin signs in all stages of disintegration flap drearily in the wind?

In Germany many of the main roads coming into a town follow the banks of a river and several cities have beautified the roadside by making their recreational playgrounds along the river.

Ornamental plantings and a narrow park form one side of the road and the riverside has a long, concrete amusement pier and promenade built out over the waters' edge.

What a contrast to the city whose approach is along one of the least interesting and poorest kept streets in town, the roadside covered with debris, weed-covered ditch banks, in the latter part of the summer a mass of dry and ugly weeds or blackened burned-over spaces, a fitting foreground for the weed and rubbish-covered vacant lots behind.

The unkept roadsides, the vacant lot, and the neglected banks of a stream are the three prize winners in the great annual contest to see what will be the ugliest spot in the town.

The vacant, uncared for, lot is one of the great eyesores of our modern western towns. It is the spawn of the building-lots' booms where lovely, cultivated fields were seized upon by the subdivider and cut up into lots. Here and there a house or a group of houses, trim, new, beautiful, spick and span, on either side the vacant lot, covered with weeds spoiling even the most beautiful of streets.

The old towns in the East did not have to contend so much with this problem. The growth of the community was slow. There was no boom and most of the land around the houses was used as gardens or grass plots until it was sold for building purposes.

As soon as the land values begin to rise, however, we get the absentee owner; the corner held for years by some Trust Company awaiting a rise in values or the settlement of an estate.

What can we do with them?

Some of them can be converted into playgrounds for the children. Various communities have secured the aid of the Boy Scouts, and at very little expense have made baseball fields during the Summer months and football practice fields in the Autumn. Wherever the vacant lots can be utilized in this manner we have gained two points in our contest for a better community in which to live. An ugly, untidy place has been cleaned up and a safe place has been provided for boys to play.

Since the advent of the automobile, the street is no longer a ball ground or a roller skating rink. Even in a small town the children must have some place in which to play. The formal parks are unsuitable for this purpose for they must be maintained in good condition and the rough play of boys would soon make a havoc of the turf. Moreover the play

grounds should be within easy walking distance so when a boy has an hour or two he can run out and play marbles or baseball.

The vacant lot seems to offer such a playground, and it is well worth the while of some organization, or even the school board, to see that enough of these lots may be secured to form easily accessible play areas.

Some towns have found it a good plan to put play equipment in such lots which could be easily moved and was not easily destroyed or broken.

Permission, of course, must be secured from the owners.

Where Boy Scouts are not available to clean up such a lot and keep it in condition throughout the season, the boys of the neighborhood might form a club and secure a vacant lot for a playground, keeping it clean and free from weeds for the use of it.

The third winner in the ugliest spot in town contest is a stream or canal flowing through a town. Except where it is confined in a conduit or walled in with masonry, it and its banks are usually entirely neglected. Even in a good residential neighborhood, the stream is left to itself. In it lie the potentialities of surpassing beauty, but it remains the example of neglect, and often abuse, when it becomes the dumping place for refuse.

Even in the large cities such a place is rarely cared for, either by the municipality or by the property owners whose holdings abut the stream. Sometimes the banks of such a stream belong to the city, and there is a general feeling that such a place would cost too much to beautify.

But would it?

Imagine the banks of such a stream, and there is one in nearly every town, gay with native or hardy flowering shrubs, the lovely yellow rose that thrives without any care, lilacs donated from the nearby garden, soft clusters of pussy willows, the graceful tamarach, sumacs, hawthorne and mountain ash from the neighboring hillsides.

Sow hollyhocks and the feathery garden asparagus, and batchelor buttons, and let them self-sow, year after year, instead of cockle burrs and burdocks and thistles.

Plant out a few pieces of the lovely varieties of iris and the cheerful golden glow. All of these will flourish wherever a noxious weed will grow.

Imagine the banks of such a stream gay with narcissus and tulips. If the hundreds of thousands of bulbs which are planted out in our parks and thrown away could be naturalized in places like that where they could be allowed to grow undisturbed what a wealth of beauty we might have.

Let some organization take up such a project and plant

a few rods each year. The start of flowers donated from private gardens, an afternoon's work in cleaning and planting, and two or three times during the summer the clearing of the weeds around the young plants, until they are large enough to hold their own, and the work is done.

To a Poplar Tree

By J. Collard Baker

Who pointed thy trembling fingers to the far
Bewildering azure of the star spattered sky?
Celestial artist dipping brush within the jar,
And Lo! a splash of silver mid the green doth lie.
A hand of Wizard filched from alien hills
The sleeping germs of life in slender wands
Dropping them on the banks of desert rills
Till the dry earth and the crusted lands,
Stretched hungry arms to grip the roots, and now
From whitening flakes, where fiery sunbeam dances
Stood up the Regal Poplar, flaunting his bough
Against the liquid clouds, with haughty glances.

On the whisper of the sparrow, song of a jay or black bird,
From out the cloak of green draping the giant tree,
The whistle of the meadow lark, is oft triumph heard
Pouring untutored sweetness out in maddening ecstacy.
Or sometimes the "Cloud King" in his lofty flight
Lets fall a feathered quill upon thine emerald crest;
To write heroic story of his mystery and might,
Upon the velvet green that billows o'er thy breast.
Or oft a sudden wind, with fury and with rush
Will bend thy leaves till fearfully they touch
The fragrant breast of Earth, and tenderly she'll hush
Thy roar, lifting thee skyward on her scented breath.

Sometimes he leaves his image mid confusion of his foes
Or in the slime of sewer drops the bruised heart of a rose.
Or he lifts a broken lily from a cluttered bed of stone
Or in the Soul of Wanton does His pardon find a home.
And so in the Alpine Ices an Eidelweiss takes form,
From the sands of the crusted Desert, is the Giant Poplar born.

Clean-up Time

Help Make Utah Shine

By L. H. Male, Sanitary Engineer, Utah Board of Health

The purpose and scope of the State-wide Clean Home Clean Town Campaign are so closely tied up with our daily life that it would be difficult to find a phase or an activity of our individual or community life that would not be affected by such a campaign. First, it is an annual campaign, not a clean-up day or a clean-up week, but a campaign involving careful organization and preparation for work to be carried on throughout the year. Second, it is state-wide in its aim, embracing every community and home in the state.

It is difficult to plan and to carry to successful completion any civic enterprize without the co-operation of the women. The American Woman is the queen of the home. The Clean-Up and Paint-Up Campaign is a movement which appeals with great force to all women.

Every woman dreads disease, and nearly all know that disease germs breed in dirt and filth. A community that is continuously dirty and disorderly reflects a very low standard of community life.

Any one organization working alone will not get very far in cleaning up the community, but the initiative and cooperation of all the various organizations cannot fail to revolutionize sanitary conditions and conserve the public health.

'Clean-Up' also means 'Paint-Up,' and everything that pertains to the improvement of the appearance of homes.

Individuals and cities are alike in many respects. A clean community enjoys better health than a dirty one and shows it. In a clean city flies, mosquitoes and other enemies to health and comfort cannot thrive. Good health depends to a great extent upon the removal of rubbish and filth and the destruction of breeding places for disease-carrying insects. One breeder of flies can furnish the whole community with flies throughout the season. A clean community advertises to the world that its citizens are interested in the public health.

Community pride, cheer, contentment, health and thrift are valuable assets to every community and to every individual. A clean-up campaign is a good business proposition.

Those who visit a clean city always will say good things about it, but a dirty town invites unfavorable comment and keeps strangers away. The best way to boost your community is to clean-up, paint-up and keep-it-up.

Make your first and greatest appeal for a Clean-Up and Paint-Up Campaign with the slogan, "Dirt breeds disease. Let's clean-up, paint-up and live longer."

By cleaning-up and painting-up your city you will turn the knockers into boosters. No longer will you hear anyone say, "Our town is the dirtiest place on the map."

An effective clean-up program requires the cooperation and continued interest of all individuals and groups in the community.

Don't make the mistake of heaping upon one willing and patient enthusiast all the details and responsibility. If you do, he or she will be completely overwhelmed while the rest of you will be thinking of a hundred things the chairman ought to do. There should be committees to do specific work, and chairmen who will think and work and inspire the members of their committees.

Here are some of the things a campaign does:

It develops community spirit.

All learn how to work and play together.

Streets and alleys are cleaned-up, repaired, and thereafter kept in good condition.

The accumulations of waste and rubbish are removed, thereby eliminating the causes of many destructive fires.

Vacant lots are improved and converted into playgrounds or gardens.

Homes are beautified.

Shrubbery is trimmed. Trees are planted. Lawns are mowed and raked. Backyards are cleaned-up. Homes are thoroughly cleaned inside and out from cellar to garret and then are dedicated to continued cleanliness by the ministration of the painter.

Breeding places for disease are rooted up and destroyed. Mosquitoes, flies, rats, roaches and other pests are obliterated. Thus the campaign saves human lives.

Many communities have shown a more rapid growth in population after a campaign was inaugurated than they ever hoped to enjoy.

Such a campaign will be of inestimable value to the state. First, to improve sanitary conditions with a view of promoting the public health; and, second, beautification of communities with an aim to making our surroundings more attracive and comfortable.

A spirit of civic pride is promoted which animates the various communities to friendly competition. Many team owners will donate their services in hauling away rubbish and bringing back a load of crushed stone and gravel. Public-

spirited individuals will volunteer their services in repairing streets in their neighborhood. There should be developed a pride in gaining the distinction of having the cleanest home and the cleanest town.

In every community there are boys who are going to dominate your civic business interests in the future. They will be the most loyal supporters of your community, if you will only give them the proper encouragement and responsibility.

Give the old fence a coat of whitewash. Get a few Huckleberry Finns busy on the job. A coat of whitewash will greatly improve its appearance.

Hint on whitewashing: Use plenty of good lime and add one quart of salt to each 5 gallons to keep whitewash from rubbing off.

Your future citizens are in the school room. A prominent member of the Big Brother Association, of St. Louis, recently declared that if the boys and girls were allowed to participate in practical community development and were properly encouraged in this work, our juvenile courts would soon be a thing of the past.

When you enlist the cooperation of the boys and girls in this campaign you are capitalizing their energy. You are giving them an opportunity to learn what it means to be builders of a bigger and better community, and you give them practical training in useful citizenship. Give the school children a chance to help make this campaign a big success. It will pay your chairman to talk to the principal of each school personally, and to have representative pupils from each school at your first meeting.

Abraham Lincoln said: "I like to see a man proud of the place he lives in." So do your neighbors.

CLEAN-UP—FIX-UP—PAINT-UP.

The series of houses showing the growth of shubbery from year to year is included in our magazine through the courtesy of the Extension Division of the Brigham Young University. They are part of an article on on Home and Community Beautification by Laval S. Morris, Assistant Professor of Horticulture, Brigham Young University. The pictures are loaned by J. B. Pilkington.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

The Clean-up and Beautification Campaign

The most gratifying reports are reaching us from stakes all over the Church in relation to the Beautification and Clean-Up Campaign. Relief Societies in some of the cities are co-operating with the civic organizations of the community, and are formulating plans looking forward to comprehensive programs.

There are few of our cities that are not ideally located because our mountains provide such unique sites for cities. But there are many of them that have too few trees, and others which have permitted beautiful trees to be hacked and made unsightly, a thing that detracts materially from the good looks of the town as well as the possibility of obtaining adequate shade in the Summer. There are other cities and towns where the weeds and the burrs so infest the thoroughfares that they are not only unsightly but are really destructive to clothing, particularly at this time when the hosiery women wear is so frail that a burr can easily destroy a pair of hose in a moment.

Some of the cities have carried on very successful cam-

paigns in the past, and as a result these cities are greatly improved in appearance. What we need is more of this same good work, and to this end the Relief Society is seeking earnestly to stimulate civic pride, that our cities, towns and hamlets may be more healthful and beautiful places in which to live. With this thought in mind we are emphasizing in this issue of the *Magazine* the teachers topic of this year, which is Civic Pride.

The Modern Crusader

From the National Clean-Up and Paint-Up Campaign Bureau we have considerable literature that is telling the story. The cut which we are using in this *Magazine* gives us a picture of the Modern Crusader whom we imagine with his foot on the Crusader of the past. It is faithful to conditions. The Crusader of the past with his eye on an impractical ideal went forth in search of the sacred places of the Holy Land. After much sacrifice and suffering he succeeded in building a church on the spot where it is supposed by some Christian people that Christ was crucified, although the identity of the

spot is very doubtful. But one thing that is not doubtful is that this church is in the midst of undesirable conditions where civic pride and ideas of sanitation are almost unknown, and where conditions are death-dealing and unsightly.

At the very side of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is an old arch that has been there for years. It has no meaning and is merely there because nobody has taken the trouble to tear it down. Dirt, dust, filth, decay, vermin, insects, ugliness and untidiness are apparent on every side. It is the last place in the world where the love of Christ is exemplified. The Greek Catholics, the Roman Catholics and the Armenians who have occupied this church have never been able to get along, and a Mohammedan officer has had to be stationed at the door of the church to keep them from fighting and at times killing one another. They will not let a Jew enter even as a visitor. The idea that was carried forth with such vigor in the middle ages seems to be barren of results. We do not claim that it is entirely barren, yet judged by its fruits it has certainly proved a losing game.

Our Modern Crusader is a man who goes forth in the public service on behalf of beautiful and healthy surroundings. He goes forth not to destroy his fellow-man no matter what his race, religion or nationality may be, but to drive from the earth filth, rot, disease, vermin, insects, untidiness and ugliness. Surely none of us will hesitate to enlist in his service, for he goes forth to save life rather than to destroy it, to use a scriptural phrase, in all things "to overcome evil with good."

The picture of the crusader of the past is lost, but we are publishing a cut of the Modern Crusader. We are relying on the imagination of our readers to see the Crusader of olden times.

Writers and Editors' Dinner

A feature of the recent Leadership Week at the Brigham Young University was a writers' and editors' dinner sponsored by Harrison R. Merrill of the English Department, who is a well known contributor to the magazines of the state. This dinner brought together Editors Edward H. Anderson of the *Improvement Era*, Clarissa Beesley and Mary C. Kimball of the *Young Woman's Journal*, and Alice L. Reynolds of the *Relief Society Magazine*. There were also artists and musicians in the group. Ten or more persons were present who have written continuously for the *Relief Society Magazine* and who have been constant contributors to other Church magazines. All three editors felt that the luncheon gave

them an unusual opportunity to express their appreciation to writers whose work has done so much in the past to make the Church magazines successful.

Editor Edward H. Anderson was at the head of the table and made the first address, which had to do with up-to-date effective writing. Practically all persons at the dinner expressed themselves as very much pleased that the group had been brought together. A motion for a permanent organization was entertained and carried with the hope that the group may be able to stimulate creative work in the West that will make use of western material.

Mary

By Lula Greene Richards

Mary, beautiful Mary! Gentle and pure and good,
Truest and most blessed type of perfect Motherhood.
With utmost fervency, we fail those gifts to all define
Wherein the worth and excellence of heaven and earth combine.
They far transcend the fluency of mortal tongue or pen,
Or highest waves of thoughts conceived by women or by men.
Mary, beautiful Mary! The favored, chosen one
To be the Mother of the Christ, God's well beloved Son.

Mary, beautiful Mary! Most ardently we trace
The sacred records noting such loveliness and grace.
The wonder of her faultless life our inmost love inspires—
To reach that perfect standard—our strongest, best desires.
And we can strive more earnestly perfection to obtain
Through studying that peerless life—our hopes cannot be vain.
For we may follow closely the humble path she trod.
Mary, beautiful Mother of Christ, the Son of God.

February
1913

August
1913

August
1915

August
1917

The growth of the home-landscape. Each year it becomes more beautiful when properly planted.
(Pictures loaned by J. B. Pilkington)

HOME BEAUTIFICATION

OLD FENCES SHOULD BE SCREENED FROM VIEW WITH PLANT MATERIALS

A SCENE FROM A WINDOW

HOME BEAUTIFICATION

Activities of Relief Society

As Noted in the Public Press

SEVIER RELIEF SOCIETY STARTS CLEAN-TOWN DRIVE

Richfield, 1927.

The Sevier stake Relief Society board initiated a clean-home—clean-town campaign, embracing Richfield, Venice, Glenwood and Koosharem, beginning March 1. The various town organizations and county commissioners were being solicited for prizes in connection with the campaign. The Relief Society teachers took up the subjects in their regular visits.

The following projects were emphasized during March: Kill flies, remove manure, remove old buildings, build fences, gates and bridges, and prune trees.

A central committee consisting of Mrs. E. W. Poulson, Mrs. F. M. Ogden, Daniel Peterson, W. L. Warner, Dr. H. A. Dewey, and County Agent S. R. Boswell, were appointed to direct the campaign.

LEHI

A Relief Society teachers' conference of the five wards of Lehi was held in the Second ward chapel one Tuesday afternoon to initiate the clean-up campaign, a project assumed by the Relief Societies of the community. Mrs. Annie C. Hindley of Salt Lake emphasized the importance of beautifying the home and its surroundings. Two demonstrations were given, one illustrative of undesirable home conditions and the other of the clean home, within and without.

PURPOSE OF PLAY PRAISED

Mayor and City Commission Endorse Relief Society Production

"Let your light be set on a hill, that others may see your good works."

Provo has for a long time been sleeping on her rights in not following this injunction. We have the most wonderful opportunity of any city anywhere to "find a place in the sun." This can be done without expending much money. Just by a little united labor, intelligently directed along the lines of city beautification. Let it be known that we stand for this thing definitely, and that we are going to reach our ideal.

Commission is Pleased

The city commission is pleased with the pledges we hear from various organizations to the effect that city beautification will be sponsored by them. We need not tell you that we stand ready to back up any such seriously contemplated movement. To put this program over, however, it will take work; not just talk. To get this work under way the Utah stake Relief Society is first in the field. They are presenting a play, "Seven Chances," at the high school auditorium, Wednesday, at 8 p. m. The proceeds from this play will be used to assist in this worthy civic movement.

We endorse this play, not only as a fine amusement, but also for its purpose. Let us all get back of this movement and show the world that Provo is alive, and is willing to write her name high as a clean, modern and beautiful city.

Everyone should do his bit.—*Mayor O. K. Hansen.*

The following report reaches us from Ogden:

This month, at our officers meeting, we had as our speaker, Mr. Hansen of the Agricultural College, whose subject was Civic Improvement. Last month, at our officers meeting, we had our Mayor, George E. Browning, speak along the same line. We asked that he suggest in what way, as a Relief Society we might aid the City Commission in having a cleaner, better city. We did this to try to enthuse our sisters and give them some idea of what might be done if we decided to take up such a program. In the meantime Sister Parry of North Weber stake had held one such meeting with Mr. Hansen as the speaker. She invited officers of the other stakes in Weber county to be present. At this meeting every stake, I think, was represented. These meetings I am sure did much good. As four stakes, we anticipate working out a program with Mr. Jensen, and expect to make our program cover at least two years.—*Almira C. Rich.*

Frank L. Stanton Goes Home

By Frank C. Steele

Frank L. Stanton, poet laureate of Georgia, has "gone home." He has gone to that eternal home of which in his later life he wrote with such profound intimacy and serenity. He died at his home in Atlanta, after seventy years of full, rich living, forty years of which he was columnist on the *Atlanta Constitution,* that great newspaper founded by Henry W. Grady, the orator and writer. For years Stanton was associated with another famous Georgian on the staff of the *Constitution,* Joel Chandler Harris, author of the Uncle Remus stories. The death of the poet removes the last of the distinguished trio—Grady, Harris and Stanton.

A newspaperman with the soul of a poet, Frank L. Stanton's column, "Just From Georgia," added everlasting lustre to the pages of the *Constitution.* Year after year, Stanton wrote his full measure of "copy" his last column appearing singularly enough on Christmas Day. He lingered on until Jan. 7, when the soul of the sweet singer of the south moved on to another sphere, perchance to write there the songs which in mortality he heard only in his dreams. Stanton once said: "I have written a few lines that are fairly good, but how far they fall below the vision."

To read Stanton's column, day after day, as did the writer during his delightful residence in Atlanta, a few years ago, was to learn to love the man and his poetry as all Georgia loved him. While he wrote of his Dixie home and its splendid, warm-hearted, happy people, his work had that tinge of universality that makes it literature. His poetry flowed from his heart like bars of music possessing a freshness, a cheeriness, a purity that at once stamped him a real poet. There was a fine philosophy of life running through his column that lifted it from the ranks of the ordinary column with its jazz, flippancy and smartness, and placed it among the classics of journalism. "Just From Georgia," a breakfast-time waft of sunshine and hope and faith in the world of mankind, became a perfect picture of the heights a newspaper column may reach when its contents are tinged with sincerity and genius. Stanton asked nothing from life except an opportunity to give expression to the kindly love that filled his soul.

There was no affectation or artificiality about Frank

Stanton. He studiously avoided applause, finding his greatest joy in his little cubbyhole in the *Constitution* office where unseen the author has watched the great poet-journalist at work. He wrote much, his best known poems being "Mighty Lak a Rose" anl "Just a Wearyin' For You," two poems he sold for the paltry sum of $300. "Mighty Lak a Rose" he published in copyright form and the first thing he knew it was being sold, set to music by that eminent American composer, Ethelbert Nevin.

"A representative of the composer's widow came to see me about it," Stanton explained; "and he was such a nice young man that I accepted his offer of $150 for the words. Then I happened to be needing the money." The song made a fortune for the publishers.

Frank L. Stanton began his literary career as a country editor. He later worked for John Temple Graves on the Rome, Georgia, *Tribune*. It was during those early days that the future poet quaffed deeply of the soul of the soil and established that intimate connection with the lives of the common people of his beloved Georgia which later made his poetry great. His verse is as sweet and musical and simple as the hearts of the folks he wrote for. He took the little things of life and wove them into imperishable measures. His love of home and family was well known, and he probably reached his greatest heights in his poem, "Marcelle," written when the life of his little daughter, Marcelle, was despaired of. Few poems in literature have finer, nobler heart appeal. Stanton is at his best in such lines as these:

The world that we're alivin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You git a thorn in every rose—
But ain't the roses sweet!

He published three volumes of poems, his last, *Little Folks Down South*, appearing in 1904. In 1925 Frank L. Stanton was proclaimed poet laureate of Georgia, by Governor Clifford Walker, and while South Carolina, where he was born, and Georgia, where he became one of the south's "Immortals," may justly claim him as their "very own," the whole world has its claim on Frank L. Stanton, for his songs are sung round the world. Northern hearts are touched by the exquisite sweetness of "Mighty Lak a Rose," or his "L'il Feller," touched as deeply as are the hearts of the folks "down South" among whom Stanton moved.

That the poet knew that the end was near is clearly

revealed in the following lines found among his papers after his death:

GOING HOME

Adieu, sweet friends—I have been waiting long
To hear the message that calls me home,
And now it comes like a low, sweet song
Of welcome over the river's foam;
And my heart shall ache and my feet shall roam
No more—no more. I am going home.

Home! Where no storm—where no tempest raves
In the light of the calm, eternal day;
Where no willows weep over lonely graves
And the tears from our eyelids are kissed away;
And my soul shall sigh and my feet shall roam
No more—no more. I am going home.

Springtime

By Vilate Roundy

Springtime, Love-time, time to banish care;
Time to hear bird-music thrill the balmy air;
Time to watch the flowers blossom, and the trees;
Time to love the murmur of the stirring bees.
Time to breathe the sunshine that dispells the rain;
Time to plant the harvest, if we'd reap the grain;
Time to drink the gladness sent from heaven above;
Time to thrill with beauty, time to live, and love!

April Fool's Day

By Ellen L. Jakeman

"Within certain well defined limits you boys may play pranks on one another and 'April-fool,' but let it be understood, right now, that I will not allow you to include me in any of your jokes, practical or otherwise; if that idea is what is making you all so hilarious this morning," remarked the lady at the head of the breakfast table.

A look, brief but significant, passed among the half dozen boys, students of the B. Y. U., and boarders at the comfortable home of Mrs. Johnson.

Byron looked up with his face arranged to resemble a very much disappointed infant, and asked:

"Why'nt you let us? Not even one little joke? That just about spoils the day for us!"

"What will you do about it," asked Niel, "if we just go ahead according to program?" and there was mischief and daring in his smile.

There were six boys at the table, all seemingly deeply interested in the conversation, and it was the last day of March.

Mrs. Johnson had tried to make her boarding house a real home for the boys who boarded with her. She fed them well, and promised them if they would live according to her rules of eating, sleeping, rest and recreation, they would always be bright for study, and come out in the spring fit; and they had been what Dickens calls—"biddable."

She had realized that there is much desirable education not found in text books, and had acquiesced in their holding mock courts, familiarizing themselves with the workings of the machinery of justice, and had once induced a real judge to preside at a murder trial the boys staged. She had suggested other excursions into fields not included in the curriculum. They were allowed to whet their wits on one another, within the lines of good nature and good taste.

The boys had made mistakes, as all boys do, and in these emergencies had found Mrs. Johnson a wise and safe counselor, and a sympathetic friend. Some of the things they blundered into were very amusing, at a safe distance; but had been a bit scary when their high spirits and investigating urge almost brought them into contact with discipline. She had helped them with their lessons till they had learned to study, and finding that some of them took more pleasure in athletics than class work she made one unbreakable rule:

"The young man who fails to pass his examinations must find another boarding house."

In vain the boys argued that if she got her money she need not care—a polite way of insinuating that it was "none of her business."

"I'll do a lot for a boy who is doing his best, but I will not waste my time cooking for a lazy student! A young man who will come here and waste his time, and the hard earned money of his parents, disappointing them and setting a bad example for younger members of the family or community, isn't worth cooking for, and can just go somewhere else." And she stuck to it.

With some grumbling the boys settled down to that, and afterward heartily approved it; but here in the Spring, and school so nearly over for the year, she found herself almost obliged to formulate a new rule, and she did not believe in rules.

She had not answered Niel, so Lewis at the foot of the table repeated the query: "What will you do about it, Mrs. Johnson?"

"I'll tell you, boys, and that's only half of it, that I am very tired. I've always deplored the liberties people take on St. Valentine's day, All Hallowe'en, and April first, to inflict pain, either mental or physical. I was the victim of some very cruel and humiliating jokes on those days when I was a child and a very young girl, and the flavor of it is with me still. Please leave me out of your nonsense. If you all enjoy it, I don't wish to spoil any innocent fun; but I am not in sympathy with it, and will not be included."

"But you have not said what you would do about it, if we just went ahead and—" George suspended his sentence and laughed delightedly.

"I had hoped you would not press me to make a threat. I would like to believe you had refrained in deference to my wishes; but since you insist, I'll tell you: I should no longer consider the person or persons my friends, and the next move for them to make is obvious." And Mrs. Johnson looked into their startled but smiling faces with no answering smile.

The gay chatter ceased. A few subdued remarks were made with regard to the school activities for the day, and one by one as they finished breakfast, they took their luncheons and departed for the University rather silently.

"There," said Mrs. Johnson to herself, as she moved swiftly about getting her children ready for school and putting her house in order, "I think I was just in time to nip in the bud some perfectly gorgeous plan they were arranging to *fool me!* It was hard for them to give it up, I could see,

so it must have been something pretty *funny*, which usually means humiliation and loss of dignity for the objective party."

She felt a little indignant for she had been very good to the boys, and thought their idea of getting fun out of making her ridiculous savored of poor taste, if not ingratitude. She was sure, however, that the scheme was squashed, so in a multiplicity of duties she soon forgot about it.

March had roared in like the traditional lion, but the latter half had been warm and mild. The last vestige of snow had melted in the valleys, and everything was just right to begin gardening. Mrs. Johnson had quite a large city lot, and while considerable of the space had been given over to orchard and small fruits, there was still ample room for a big garden. It could be plowed for the most part by a careful and skillful man who would be willing to work with one horse and a small plow. Those who were up to such work were always in demand in the spring and usually very busy, and it sometimes happened that she had to get it put into condition with a spading fork, which was slow, and not nearly so effective as the deeper stirring of the soil by plowing. She spent the better part of the day calling on those who did plowing, without any success, and when she would have been glad of a man who would use a spading fork faithfully and immediately, she could find no one who would promise to work for her under two weeks.

The boys came home to dinner quite silent and it seemed to Mrs. Johnson a little chagrined: but still she felt she was right, and so dismissed the subject from her mind and the conversation.

Dinner over the boys betook themselves to their dormitory half a block away, where they also did their studying, and Mrs. Johnson went forth once more to find a plow or its equivalent. Such a Spring, following a snowy Winter meant good gardens, and Mrs. Johnson had descended from a long line of southern planters, knew all about such things, and fairly reveled in the planting and cultivating of the spot of God's earth that was her own. She also appreciated the results when the rich and luscious fruits and highly flavored vegetables found their way, day after day, into her supply room, sealed up in pure clear glass, to make winter a season of delicious plenty.

She met only excuses and refusals about the plowing, and almost discouraged she finally turned her weary steps homeward; and she had so wanted an *early* garden!

A neighbor's child stood at Mrs. Johnson's gate, who said: "Papa says, 'Please will you come over, Mother is very sick, and—"

"Yes, tell him I will come right over," and she went into the house to tell the oldest girl where she was going, and was on her way in five minutes; for we were still a primitive community and rich people could not hire a twenty-five dollar nurse, because there were none, and poor people did not go without help because they had no money with which to hire.

It was just getting daylight when she reached her own gate the next morning. She stopped and stared! She could not believe her own eyes! Her garden, her *beloved* garden spot was spaded, raked and all laid off in furrows ready to receive into its rich dark mould the fertile seed! That was at the front. She went around the house that which set well back in the lot, and the same sight met her eyes—everything in perfect order. It seemed a little unreal that all this should have been accomplished between moon-rise and moon-set—almost impossible!

There must have been an unwonted and spontaneous joy in her tone, for it attracted the attention of a thrifty, early-rising neighbor when she laughed aloud.

He leaned over the fence and asked: "Why all this early morning hilarity, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Mr. Harrison, those blessed B. Y. U. boys who board with me have been playing an April-fool trick on me!"

"Have they? Well, the tricks I have discovered so far, that were played on me last night, don't strike me as being easily laughed off; and I have not yet called the boys who did it by the name you just applied to your boarders."

"I don't know how they managed to do so much in a single night, or where they found tools, or anything!"

"Didn't you hear them at work? Did they spade right along there by your bedroom window and you not find it out?" asked Mr. Harrison in amazement.

"I sat up last night with one of our sick neighbors, but they did not know I was gone. What a charming hoax!"

Mrs. Harrison came to the door: "William, the pig trough is on the back porch, and so wedged in that I can't open the back door. Will you please come and move it?" Then to Mrs. Johnson, "I do hope the scamps have not torn your place crazy as they have ours?"

"Certainly," Mr. Harrison said to his wife, and as he turned away remarked, "Mrs. Johnson, that's the first time I ever knew a lot of rattle headed students to do a kind and considerate thing as an April-fool, when generations of license tolerates, and even applauds, real destructive mischief."

Mrs. Johnson began to say something, but Mr. Harrison broke in with, "'Can't put young heads on old shoulders.' I

know. For if we could, the young heads that devised the mischief around here would be on some aching old shoulders so quick that the heads would swim. I know the boys who have torn up my bridges, tied my best rooster to the dog kennel, and put all the gates on top of the barn, etc. They are not mad at me. They live on the other side of the town where I came from. They are such ignorant rough-necks that they think they are showing me a social attention, and don't know there is any better way of having fun. Good boys? Yes, lots of 'em. Will make good men all right, too! Don't think much, and have had wrong teaching," and off he went with a sour smile and spent the day repairing the mischief of the night, while Mrs. Johnson fairly flew to her neglected duties.

"I wish you would tell me who did this beautiful thing for me," Mrs. Johnson asked at the breakfast table, after making suitable acknowledgments. "Of course it had to be all of you?"

"Do you call that an April-fool trick?" asked Byron. "It looks to me like a full day's work!"

"Why, yes. That is what I have been calling it. But it is surely the kindest thing I ever heard of."

Neil spoke up: "So long as you consider it an April-fool, we refuse to tell you. You pride yourself on keeping your word, and only yesterday morning you as good as threatened to send away from home anyone of us guilty of making you the party of the second part to an April-fool."

Then Lewis chipped in: "Do you think one of the boys you have been helping to educate all winter is sap-head enough to be sent away from home just for the pleasure of answering your questions? Not much!"

Mrs. Johnson smiled understandingly at the various remarks made by the other boys, when Neil, who was threatening to study law, joined in with: "Perhaps you remember, Mrs. Johnson, that when we held the first session of our mock court, and had a real judge, he told us that no witness was obliged to answer a question that would incriminate himself. We don't own it, and we don't deny it."

"You can't beguile us into any damaging admissions," George remarked, and Lewis' expressive eyes fairly danced.

"But this is not just curiosity, it is the noble spirit of investigation which men sometimes have. All right, noes have it. I won't ask you any more, but I'm a pretty good guesser, and I give you fair warning that I will get even with you."

The boys went trooping to the gate, laughing the clear frank laugh of youth, a laugh that was more than amusement or fun; it was *joy* over the unqualified success of their kind, benevolent and altogether delicious fooling.

That evening when the boys came home to dinner, they found several of their favorite young ladies assembled to help them enjoy a veritable thanksgiving feast, except that the place of honor usually occupied by the festive turkey was graced by a huge well-browned goose, with all the trimmings.

"There, I told you she was a woman of her word," said Byron, presenting his best imitation of a baby about to weep. "See! She's cooked our goose for us!"

Knowing how hard it is for a man to keep a secret, I am prompted to remark that they never did tell Mrs. Johnson who originated the spading scheme, or actually did the work; but she was sure they were all in it for all they were worth, and all equally "guilty."

Courage

By Mrs. C. A. Boyer

If the world seems gloomy
And friends prove untrue,
And hope and courage are fled;
If flowers lose their fragrance
And skies seem less blue,
And you look to the future with dread;
Don't sit at life's window
Where the shadows fall,
And watch with a sigh and a tear;
But open the doors
To brightness, and all
That gives the heart solace and cheer.

Should sorrows and cares
Gather round like a cloud,
Chasing the sunshine away;
And temptation and darkness
Fall like a shroud
In a mist to cover the way;
Look farther beyond—
A light will appear,
If you're careful no trouble to borrow;
The storm will soon pass,
The clouds disappear
And the sunshine be brighter tomorrow.

Notes from the Field

By Amy Brown Lyman

Minidoka Stake (Fly Campaign)

The Minidoka stake Relief Societies last year conducted a very successful campaign against flies. Cooperation was asked of every housewife to help rid the community of the pest. The newspaper gave freely of its space for publicity purposes, and the movement had the support and backing of city and county officials. Early in April, stake and ward committees were organized for this work, consisting of the stake and ward executive committee. A request was sent to the Idaho representatives, in Washington, D. C., for 500 bulletins on "The House Fly and How to Suppress It." When the pamphlets came, a house to house canvass was made, and a copy of the little booklet, together with a chart on nutrition, were left at every home in the stake. While this was being done the stake committee secured a large quantity of air-slacked lime from the Paul Sugar Factory, through the courtesy of the Sugar company's field manager, President May. Mayor Beymer, who cooperated so readily with the movement, sent trucks to haul the lime to vacant lots in Rupert and adjacent towns, there to be distributed among the people. Everybody was asked to take a sack of lime from these piles on vacant lots and use it freely in outbuildings and all places where flies would be likely to breed. The newspaper of Rupert published each week through the Summer an article about the filthy fly. These articles recommended that all homes should be properly screened, and that fly traps should be used on the outside of the homes. Following is a sample of publicity which was used:

FIGHT THE FLY

O little fly, O vermin small,
Most deadly insect of them all,
To thee I write this little verse,
Your life and habits to rehearse.

In barnyard waste you had your birth;
In rankest filth you came to earth;
For baby's milk you then took wing,
And on the food you tried to cling.
Your feet were smeared with filth and slime,
As on the table you did climb;
And then you rubbed with impish glee,
Your feet on all that you could see.
Then, after feeding on the cake,
A bath in cream you thought you'd take.
You have no teeth, no fangs, no sting,
Yet death to human lives you bring.
You are the vilest of the vile;
Our health, our life, you would defile.
O, Imp of Satan, where you tread,
Your path is filled with human dead.

—William A. Cole.

A most successful teachers' convention was held on October 2, with good representation. The outline furnished by the General Board was used. A blue ribbon was offered to every teacher who had made her visits 100 per cent. It was found that seven teachers had never missed making a visit. The convention covered the whole day, and consisted of a program in the morning, a luncheon at noon, and a social in the afternoon.

The stake adopted and forwarded to their representatives in the State Legislature a resolution petitioning the Legislature to build a suitable hospital at once for tuberculosis patients, the state of Idaho being the only one in the union that does not have a single tuberculosis bed.

Social Service Institutes

Very successful Social Service Institutes have been held during the winter months in the following stakes: Logan, Cache, North Sevier, Sevier, South Sevier, Franklin, Oneida, North Davis, South Davis and Blackfoot. The institutes have each covered either five or six days, with four hours class work daily, and have been conducted under the direction of the General Secretary, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, who has been assisted by the following social workers from the Welfare Department at Relief Society headquarters: Mrs. Annie D. Palmer, Miss Lydia Alder, Miss Anna Laura Stohl, Mrs. Amy W. Evans and Mrs. Elizabeth Williams. The classes have been made up of stake board members, ward presidents and social service aids, with bishops or counselors and supervising high councilmen. County commissioners have also been in attendance. So keen has been the inter-

est throughout, that at the close of each institute the members have universally expressed their great delight in the course, and have stated that the help and inspiration given them would form the basis and beginning of future study on social problems.

Snowflake Stake.

Following we give the aims of the stake board for 1926:

1. To plan and execute some special activity for board members each month.
2. To plan and give outlines for definite work to be put over in the wards.
3. To have each member of the board report in board meeting on her special line of work at definitely appointed times.
4. To make a special effort to secure larger contributions for charity work.
5. To have a definite written program of instructions to take to each ward upon visits.
6. Take up a special study of parliamentary rules, as a board, and put over a simple usage in the wards.
7. To visit, unannounced, each ward twice, at least, during the year; one visit on work and business day, the other as seems best fitted to need of the ward.
8. To continue effort to have more efficient teachers' work (a) by giving more thorough discussion of teachers' topic at work and business meeting; (b) by continuing to hold for 100 per cent visiting, 100 per cent preparation, 100 per cent attendance of teachers at work and business meetings, (c) by occasionally checking and comparing results for monthly visits.
9. To aid in making marked civic improvements in all the communities.
10. To convert officers and members to the need of maternity bundles.

Report of Summer's Work for 1926. Eight wards reported having taken up "Home Improvement" projects as outlined by the stake board. Only a few of them reported hours spent in work. One of the eight did not give anything definite. The total expenditure as reported by seven associations was $13,057.40. Projects reported worked upon in these associations are as follows: kalsomining, painting, new roofs, new doors, lathing, cement work, coverings, flower beds and bulbs, screens repaired, shrubs, new floors, plastering, walks, built-in furniture, grafonolas, swings, books, magazines, musical records, rugs, draperies, washers, windmills and new houses under process of construction. During

Spring, there was conducted a contest or drive in the literary department of the stake. Wards reporting scored near 50 per cent, having read one complete work of Mark Twain's. One ward, namely Woodruff, reported 100 per cent, having read one complete work.

Malad Stake.

Mrs. Ella J. Richards, president of the Relief Societies of Malad stake, reports a very interesting visit made by herself and a fellow officer to the Washakie (Indian) branch. It was on theology day, and Mrs. Amy Timbimboo, a native sister, translated the lesson on "John the Beloved Apostle." The visitors could not understand the words but could feel the wonderful spirit accompanying the discussion. At the conclusion of the meeting Mrs. Richards was handed an envelope containing 12 beautiful handmade handkerchiefs which the young women of the association had made, as gifts for the stake board members. Mrs. Fredrickson, the state nurse, is now in Malad, where she has done excellent work among the school children. She will spend four months out of the year in Malad, and the other eight months she will give to Franklin and Bear Lake counties.

California Mission (Torrance Relief Society)

Northwestern States Mission.

On December 31, 1926, the Relief Societies of the Northwestern States mission was reorganized. Mrs. Marie Young, who has labored so faithfully and capably during her husband's presidency of the mission, was honorably released,

with deep appreciation for her excellent service. Mrs. Pearl C. Sloan, wife of President William R. Sloan, was appointed president to fill the vacancy.

Eastern States Mission.

Relief Society work in the Eastern States mission is constantly progressing. There is a commendable interest, not only among the members enrolled therein, but among the missionaries and presiding brethren as well. There is a splendid spirit of cooperation throughout. Miss Dicie W. Brimhall writes that since her appointment as president, in October, it has been her project, through a circular letter, and where possible a personal visit, to have each society provide a year-round program with the purpose of preparedness and making use of every occasion to extend Relief Society work. The presidents have responded readily to this idea, and have submitted plans that would do credit to the wards in the west, where the advantage of numbers makes auxiliary work comparatively easy. At present the societies are working to complete their bazaar projects. During November, two auxiliary conferences were held at Washington, D. C., and at Albany, New York, with the Relief Societies, Sunday schools and Mutual Improvement Associations, participating. The work done in these two branches is most gratifying.

Hawaiian Mission.

Mrs. Olivia S. Waddoups, president of the Hawaiian mission Relief Societies, writes as follows: "The Relief Society members in this mission are making a great effort to succeed in their work, and we are pleased with the efforts. Their activities among those in need and distress is commendable indeed. Our social welfare work is given good attention, and much interest is shown in the baby clinic movement here. With the help of our L. D. S. Hospital graduate nurse missionary, Sister Freda Linneback, much is being accomplished here in Honolulu, and this island. We start the new year with two new organizations in Honolulu. We have also reorganized a number of our old associations. We believe that we are now prepared to do better work in 1927 than we did in 1926. That is, at least, our ambition.

Southern States Mission.

The Relief Societies of the mission report a gratifying increase of charitable deeds for the poor and the sick, nonmembers, as well as members, having been included in this work of love. More money has been collected and disbursed

for the benefit of the poor this year than in previous years. The yearly report shows also that the members have spent more days in caring for the sick than heretofore. The Jacksonville, Florida, Relief Society secured a home for a baby whose parents were killed in the terrible storm which devastated the towns on the east coast of Florida, September 26. The foster mother, who took the baby into her home, is a Relief Society worker.

Effort has also been made along the lines of making the meeting houses more attractive. The Columbus, Georgia, chapel is nearing completion, and the Relief Society raised $50 to assist in providing a baptismal font. The largest country chapel in the mission is at Axson, Georgia, and the members of this country branch carpeted the stand and the aisles. During the series of conferences held in November and December, the Relief Societies served substantial meals between the meetings to the visitors and missionaries.

Tongan Mission

The course of study in the Relief Societies of the Tongan mission last year consisted of the regular theology lessons, which were translated by the president, Mrs. Ada B. Cahoon, and a course in the laws of Tonga. There was much interest in the class work, and the members were greatly benefited thereby.

California Mission (Correction).

The note in the February *Magazine* regarding the excellent *Magazine* subscription record in San Francisco was incomplete. It should have read as follows: "The Mission Branch Relief Society of San Francisco has made a most enviable record in the matter of securing subscriptions to the *Relief Society Magazine*. There are thirty-eight members in the organization, and they have sent in fifty-eight subscriptions. The subscribers consist of 38 members, 12 L. D. S. women, non-members of the organization, and 8 non-members of the Church.

Spring in the City

By Mary Hale Woolsey

April * * * and longingly, thoughts
Turn countryward, to grassy lanes
And blossoming orchards where gay robins sing
The season's praises; where young leaves appear
On wakening boughs * * * Oh, there—
Spring is so very fair!
** * Yet I, today,
Treading the city's busy street,
Have felt Spring's nearness * * * Oh,
Almost it seemed, I might have touched
Her silken robes—so close she stood!
She smiled * * * and sunlight danced in gold
Upon a blackened roof, and warmed
The hard stone pavement. * * * She whispered * * *
And merry breezes flew to her in answer;
Straight from a wooded hill they came,
Bearing a faint, sweet, earthy odor.
She laughed * * * and grimy gutter droplets
Sang out a greeting—I heard a song much like it,
Once, beside a sun-flecked brook! * * * A dandelion
Peeped brightly out between gray stones, and drew
A straying bee to kiss her. * * * The passersby
Lifted relaxing faces to the sky's blue dome * * *
* * * Oh, even where the city's at its busiest,
Spring found her way * * * serene and gently sure;
Bearing her gifts of loveliness and joy—
Beauty * * * and hope * * * and newly stirring life.

Guide Lessons For June

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in June)

THE WOMEN OF THE MESSIANIC DISPENSATION
(Concluded)

Mary of Magdala; The Woman of Samaria; The Widow Who Gave Her Mite, and Tabitha.

The list is by no means complete. Perhaps more women than men became disciples of the Master. He was hated by many men because of his virtues, but enemies among women, he had none on record.

MARY OF MAGDALA

Her birthplace was Magdala, a village near the Sea of Galilee, and this accounts for the name Magdalene. She was a woman who had been afflicted with bodily infirmities of which evil spirits had taken advantage, and she had been freed from her unfortunate condition by the Savior. (See Mark 16:9.)

She was one of the witnesses of the Crucifixion, and saw what was done with the body of the Lord after it was taken from the Cross. (Mark 15:45-47.) She was perhaps among the last at the crucifixion, and certainly was the first at the resurrection of the Saviorfl (Mark 16:9-11; John 20:16-18.) She was the first mortal messenger sent by the resurrected Redeemer. (John 20:17.) As to whom she was not. Consult Students Cyclopedia of the Bible.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA

Not so much what this woman did, but what came of her unsought acquaintance with the Master, and the lessons to be learned by and from the story of the conversation at the well.

Bruce Barton has graphically described the incident in *Collier's Magazine,* of March 27, 1926.

The simple narrative given in John 4 has been the inspiration of artists and writers for ages.

Tene sees the well curb built by Jacob and on it the central figure, the Prince of Peace, tired and thirsty, and one almost hears that request, "Give me to drink."

It is the opening of the conversational conversion. That interview was a demonstration of the truth that we shall be known as we know ourselves. There are X-rays for the

mind world as well as there are x-rays for the material world.

The power to see beyond outward appearances elevated the "Man of Sorrows" in the mind of the woman to that of the place of a Seer. (John 4:19). Then follows the woman's declaration of her sincere belief in the Church to come which was followed by his declaration of who he was: "I that speak to you am He."

The woman forgets her material interests and with the missionary spirit puts her whole self into the work of spreading the news of her discovery of the new Well; the fountain of eternal life, the new life and the more abundant life.

The result of her testimony was the acknowledging of belief in the fruits of his teachings that followed every conversion. (John 4:1-42.)

To the woman of Samaria Jesus not only revealed himself as the Christ, but he proclaimed the absolute necessity for a knowledge of God and sincerity in the worship of him. God is a spirit; an individual intelligence in whom the spiritual dominates. In this there is no denial that God has a body of flesh and bone, as his son had after his resurrection. To worship God in spirit means to worship him in sincerity and with spiritual acquaintance. To worship him in truth means to worship him in the light of truth concerning what he is, and this accords with the declaration concerning eternal life. "And this is life eternal that they might know thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

THE WOMAN WITH THE TWO MITES.

She is called by a modern writer, "The Greatest Giver."

To appreciate her place as an outstanding character one needs to study Mark 12:38-44. From a discussion in the temple auditorium, Jesus turned to making observations as to what was going on in the contribution department. The rich put in much with pomp and display of generosity, behind which was the greed for publicity. A widow meekly put in the box two pence. It was her all, and a big heart went with her small gift. And what Jesus said made the un-named woman (widow) a person of glorious fame. Hers was a gift to the ages in the blaze of her generosity. We see our needs as givers.

TABITHA

The brief story of the life of this remarkable woman is found in Acts 9:36-42. Behind her name is the female gazelle, a creature of gentle disposition and beauty of form. (See dictionary, or cyclopedia.)

She seems to have been a lady of the Relief Society type. A "woman of good works and deeds." She became ill and died and was restored to life by a miracle.

The narrative of the event reaches it's climax in the words of the Apostle Peter, "Tabitha, arise." One can scarcely study the text without feeling a faith-promoting thrill that prompts a desire to make others acquainted with the remarkable circumstances. One is led to wonder whether the spirit of the lifeless body was lingering near or whether it heard the call of the Man of God, from afar, and came with a speed greater than a radio wave.

Review Questions and Problems

1. How did Mary of Magdala get the name of Magdalene?
2. Mention three or more important events in the life of Mary of Magdala.
3. What was the most outstanding quality in the character of Mary of Magdala?
4. What do you see through the reading of Matt. 27:55-56?
5. Give a description of your picture of the woman at the well.
6. Compare the testimony of the Samaritans with the testimony of Peter. John 4:42; Matt. 16:16.
7. What is the great lesson taught by the Savior's comment on his observations of the widow's gift of two mites?
8. What sentence marks the apex of theological interest in the story of Tabitha's death and restoration to life?
9. Which woman was the nearest mortal relative of the Savior?
10. What woman did Jesus approve of in private and defend in public?
11. What are the evidences that the women of the Messianic dispensation had no worries about authority?

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in June)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR JUNE—CIVIC PRIDE

Improvement of church grounds, public parks, school grounds, cemeteries. This should cover sanitary conditions in and about the various buildings, including toilets, outside privies, etc.

Suggestions:

I. Set aside a period for each of the above projects.

II. Enlist the cooperation of City Officials, Commercial Clubs, Business Men, Boy Scouts, Bee Hive Girls, Seagull Girls, etc.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in June)

GEORGE SANTAYANA

Our readers will surmise at once that George Santayana is of foreign birth because of his very foreign sounding name. He was born in Madrid, Spain, December 16, 1863. It was as a lad of nine years of age that he came to the United States. After such preparatory training as must be acquired by one who desires to do college work, he entered Harvard University where he received his college education. That he was a man of unusual ability was apparent to all who came in contact with him. It seemed inevitable that in the course of time he should become an instructor of philosophy in Harvard University, where he later received his Ph. D. This was in the year 1889. In time Santayana became one of the most noted professors that Harvard University has every listed on its faculty, as well as one of the most widely appreciated thinkers that Americans have followed. In 1914, the year of the great war, he went abroad, and ever since that time has been living in France or in England, according to his desire.

His first work was in verse, a book called *Sonnets and Poems* which appeared in 1894. *The Sense of Beauty* followed in 1896. Then came *The Life of Reason*, in 1905. In 1923 appeared a revision of his collected poems.

During the nineteenth century he was perhaps best known as a poet, but in the twentieth century he gained fame as a philosopher, so that it was with a degree of apology that he published the 1923 volume of poems. He felt, as did undoubtedly many of his readers, that he had left the realm of poetry and entered definitely the field of philosophy, so that henceforth he preferred to be known as a philosopher rather than a poet.

Our chief reason for presenting George Santayana to our readers and members of the Relief Society is because of the intense spiritual quality of his verse. He had passed through the struggles, had been tossed by the billows, and had acquired a calm and peace that passeth understanding. So that while he is a philosopher and a reasoner, he knows the value of intuition, the value of the inner life which prompts and understands and reaches far beyond the place where reason goes. Santayana advises us "to trust the soul's invincible surmise." Rittenhouse, commenting on this line, says, "it would be difficult to define intuition more succinctly." In other words, the promptings of the soul that are not always supported by logic are to be trusted. If the human heart yearns for and dreams of immortality then immortality is

no dream but is a sacred reality. Such belief Santayana would maintain is entirely reasonable and sound.

He warns us in no uncertain tones that reason is a blind guide. "It is not wisdom," he says, "to be only wise, and on the inward vision close the eyes." It is the deep spiritual intuition that drives men on to higher goals and gives them power to penetrate a world deeper and of more concern than this material world.

He undoubtedly agrees with the Savior that when Mary sought the spiritual she chose the better part. His very choice poem entitled, "O World, Thou Choosest Not the Better Part," gives us proof of this:

O World, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

This poem must ring true to Latter-day Saints who know that Columbus was led forth through faith to the discovery of the new world and that his trust in God was both "his science and his only art."

Santayana believes in the emotions that fill the soul in the thoughts of the inner being. He would shut out the ills of life with the thoughts of beauty that find their source in man's inner life. All the ugly passions, all the disconsolateness of life, all the smoke of battle and other disagreeable sights and sounds that are part of the great outside world he would shut from him and dwell in a world of his own contemplation. As evidence of this idea we include the following lines:

A wall, a wall around my garden rear,
And hedge me in from the disconsolate hills:
Give me but one of all the mountain rills,
Enough of ocean in its voice I hear.
Come no profane insatiate mortal near
With the contagion of his passionate ills;
The smoke of battle all the valleys fills,
Let the eternal sunlight greet me here.

He brings to his life romantic escape by thinking of what is beautiful when what is ugly presses on his physical senses:

A thousand beauties that have never been
Haunt me with hope and tempt me to pursue:
The gods, methink, dwell just behind the blue:
The satyrs at my coming fled the green.
The flitting shadows of the grove between
The dryads' eyes were winking, and I knew
The wings of sacred Eros as he flew
And left me to the love of things not seen.
'Tis a sad love, like an eternal prayer,
And knows no keen delight, no faint surcease,
Yet from the seasons hath the earth increase,
And heaven shines as if the gods were there.
Had Dian passed, there could no deeper peace
Embalm the purple stretches of the air.

Mr. Rittenhouse tells us "it is no exaggeration to say that were Mr. Santayana in a cloister, or upon a mid-sea island with his books and dreams, he could scarcely be less in touch with the passing world than he is in the midst of the clamor and insistence of modern life, where he keeps the tranquility of the inner silence as if there were no voices dinning in his ears. He is subjective to the degree of transfusing himself with another's consciousness, and looking upon his own nature from an impersonal standpoint."

There we live o'er, amid angelic powers,
Our lives without remorse, as if not ours,
And others' lives with love, as if our own.—

Mr. Santayana has written some exquisite sonnets. He is a master of this type of verse. In one of his sonnets he is thinking of lovers who are divided in their burial. One dies among the hills of Spain and the other in a northern land where is smelled the perfume of pines, yet he says it matters not. Nothing of the heart returns to earth, and death does not separate souls bound together with immortal love.

We needs must be divided in the tomb,
For I would die among the hills of Spain,
And o'er the treeless, melancholy plain
Await the coming of the final gloom.
But thou—O pitiful!—wilt find scant room
Among thy kindred by the northern main,

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Let the sea part our ashes, if it must,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Questions and Problems

1. State in your own words what you think Santayana has said about Colombo in the poem, "Thou Choosest Not the Better Part."

2. Tell some personal experience that goes to show that feeling and intuition are oftimes trustworthy guides and may be relied upon.

3. Show how physical barrenness is often crowded out of the life by spiritual hope.

4. Give an example of some spiritual experience that has blessed out the pain of unpleasant conditions or surroundings.

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in June)

Social Problems of Childhood—Paul

The social setting of an individual can either limit him so that normal happy life is impossible, or the setting may give him the many experience he needs to express and develop his personality. There is a great range and variety of social influences in home, neighborhood, school and community life. The child who begins life in a poverty-stricken, illiterate and alcoholic home travels a different path through life from one born in a home of intelligent, affectionate parents, who can provide comfortably for the needs of the children. Between the home of squalor and debauchery at one extreme, and the home of comfort and culture at the other, there are all varieties of home and neighborhood standards. A poor home may have high standards of health and education, while a comfortable home may be lacking in these important elements.

Homes and families are all different and have their own peculiarities. This truism is mentioned here, for the story of the boy Paul is a story of a boy made unhappy because of the nature of his foster home.

The responsibility of placing a child for adoption is a grave one. There is first the serious problem of removing the child from its own environment, which may be because of its illegitimate birth, the desertion or death of a parent, or the unwholesome character of the home. A great number of the children who are placed in foster homes are not orphans, but are children, victims of an unhappy environment. In some instances a change can be made in the child's own home, so that he can remain with his own people. This is especially true of the child born out of wedlock. When given encouragement, guidance, protection, and, perhaps, some financial help, many of the young, unfortunate mothers are spared the unnatural and inhuman ordeal of giving away their new born infants. No matter what the circumstances, it is a serious and important step to remove children permanently from their own homes, and a step that should not be taken until every effort has been made to better the home environment. The attempt to rehabilitate a home, and the final decision to remove the children, should be made by a trained expert in social problems.

A second serious responsibility is to the foster parents. Many intelligent, cultured, foster parents have opened their comfortable homes to foundlings, to learn, too late, that no happiness can come to them or the child by the association. As a safeguard to the generous persons willing to adopt a child, certain elements in the child's background should be determined. A thorough physical examination, including tests for venereal infection should be given the child. A mental examination, if the child is three or four years, can be given to avoid the danger of burdening a home with a feeble-minded child. If the child is too young to be tested, certain history of the parents will assist in determining its mental potentials and behavior traits. This important study of a child to determine whether it should be placed for adoption should be done by a trained expert in child welfare.

The chief concern, of course, is the child's development, and the most important responsibility in placing a child is to the child itself. A home that might be ideal for one child would be an unhappy environment for another. A comfortable income and the ability to provide the physical needs of the child is only one of many elements in child placing. Again, the work of finding the right home for the child can best be done by the trained expert in child welfare. Haphazard, unsupervised child-placing, done by well-intentioned friends, judges, physicians, and agencies, has caused many heartbreaks among foster parents, and many frustrated, unhappy lives among the adopted children.

Paul's placement brought unhappiness to himself and his foster parents. He was a boy of average intelligence (I. Q. 93), with good physical development. He was born in a home of

poverty, and when Paul was very young his brutal father deserted his mother. His mother had a mental upset which necessitated her confinement in an institution.

Paul was placed in a home of luxury, where every opportunity for education was given him. The foster parents employed a governess to care for the boy, so while he had every physical care and attention, he had none of the affection and personal attention that are important factors in normal child development.

When Paul was sixteen he was unhappy, restless, and untruthful. He was placed in an exclusive boarding school, where he could have special educational advantages. Before he left for school, he was told of his real position in the family, and this naturally upset him.

At school he had difficulty in competing with this selected group of students, where the academic standard was very high. There was nothing in the curriculum to give him an outlet for his ability as a craftsman or mechanic.

He became less interested in his work, and sought bad companions away from school. He defended himself with lies and his whole attitude was aggressive and rebellious. He became so upset that a mental collapse seemed imminent.

In order to avoid a breakdown the boy was permitted to leave school and find employment in a shop. He left his luxurious foster home and preferred to live with some of his relatives, who were in poor circumstances. He found peace and happiness in supporting himself and contributing to the upkeep of the humble home of his relatives.

That Paul's experience in his foster home was not a success is apparent. It should be of interest to analyze the causes of failure on the part of the foster parents that caused Paul's breakdown. The simple explanation would be that "blood will tell" and that environment could not overcome the handicaps in Paul's heredity.

But is such an explanation true? Is it not just as possible that the environment and experiences in his foster home were the real causes of his unhappiness, his lying, and his depression? Paul was given no personal attention and affection by his foster parents, and this lack of love-life and emotional expression would tend to make the boy unhappy, resentful, and bewildered at his place in hearts of persons believed to be his parents. Later, when he was told of his true status, he naturally had an unhappy reaction. He felt himself different from other persons who had normal homes and he was supersensitive to the attitude of his foster parents. He found nothing in their well-intentioned plan to support him, comfort him or to satisfy his adolescent need for home-life and real affection. He turned with gratitude to relatives, where he found a true bond of affection.

The type of school selected accentuated the boy's unhappiness. He had average intelligence and had he been better adjusted emotionally, he may have met with fair success at his school work. The formal, academic work was a little too difficult for his mental endowment, and his escape from this atmosphere to activities which suited him better, helped to give him a better mental attitude.

No generalizations can be made about the merits of certain homes in selecting them for placing children. Children must be suited to the particular home, for both child and foster home has its merits, handicaps, and its own peculiarities. The adjustment of one to the other is a difficult process at best. In fairness to both, every precaution and care should be taken, and every advantage of science and experience should be applied to avoid adoptions that can bring only unhappiness to the child and to the generous foster parents taking the stranger within their doors.

Reference—*Challenge of Childhood*, Dr. Ira S. Wile; Paul, pages 254-259.

Questions and Problems

1. What is meant by social setting or environment?
2. Why is it sometimes necessary to remove children from their homes?
3. What should be known about a child before it is placed for adoption?
4. Why is it necessary to fit a child to a particular home?
5. What were the causes of Paul's unhappiness?
6. How were his difficulties overcome?
7. Why should child-placing be the work of a trained expert in child welfare?

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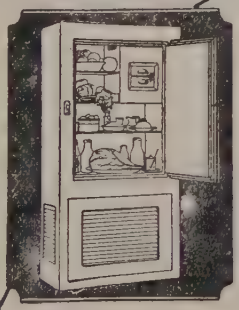

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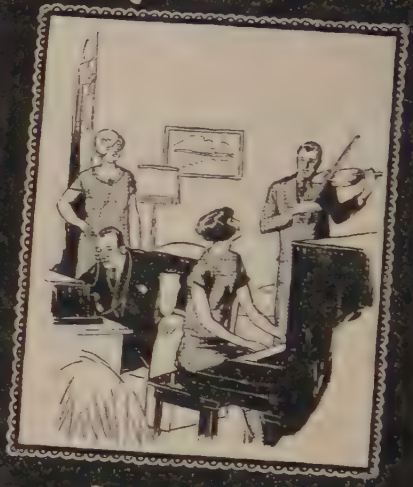

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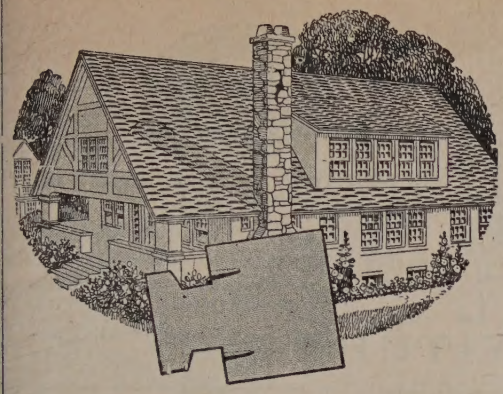

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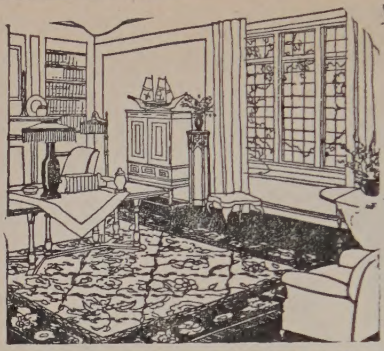

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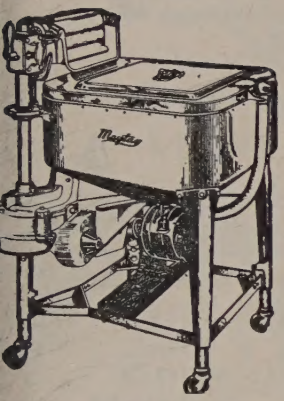

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